[Vol. 1.] THE [No. 10.]

WEEKLY VISITANT.

"OURS ARE THE PLANS OF FAIR DELIGHTFUL PEACE,
"UNWARP'D BY PARTY RAGE, TO LIVE LIKE BROTHERS."

SALEM—SATURDAY EVENING, MARCH 8, 1806.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE WEEKLY VISITANT.

ON TOLERATION.

As the world becomes enlightened, it becomes liberal. Men lose their prejudices in proportion as they acquire knowledge,* and learn to endure opposition of sentiments, if not patiently, at least, without rancour. As they acquire a knowledge of the powers of the human mind, they become more and more convinced of its fallibility, and therefore, as each finds the *possibility* of erring himself, he is more charitable to the errors of others.

Difference of opinion in religious matters, has always created a greater malignity in opposite sects, than a disagreement on any other subject. Whether because it is a more important concern, or because it is a more powerful engine for the advancement of the ambitious than any other, it is certain, that each sect in its turn, when it has been in power, has used its strength in endeavoring to destroy its opponents. The most cruel massacres, and flagitious actions have been the result of opposite opinions on doctrinal points in religion, and no other cause has consigned so many victims to the grave. It is strange, but it is no less true, that a religion whose precepts teach a perfect concord and harmony in all mankind, has been the apparent cause of the slaughter of millions, and has spread discord from one pole to the other.

From the rancour displayed in the disputes of contending sectaries, the rulers of nations supposed if they tolerated any other than that established, it would be productive of perpetual confusion and civil wars. The falsity of this opinion is evident, since those nations where all religions have been allowed, have been, without exception, free from these excesses, which have been so common in other nations. The truth is, when any sect of religion is supported by government to the exclusion of others, the natural love of power in every breast, leads the party established to endeavor the destruction of all other sects, as, if the latter spread, the power of the former is weakened. And, on the other hand, the sects which are not supported by government, become envious of that which is, and, feeling oppression, are roused to resist-

* This is true, generally speaking, though in particular instances it may be otherwise.

ence, and endeavor the destruction of their adversaries; which if they effect, the power of the unsuccessful party is transformed to them. Hence it appears, that the love of power, has generally been the occasion of the religious quarrels which have desolated the world.

When the government of a country favors no sect, or favors all equally, each sect perceives the impossibility of acquiring any power over the others, and therefore repress the malignity arising from opposition of sentiment, and love of power. It is well known, that any passion by being repressed continually, becomes weaker; hence in a short time, different sects learn to live and associate together without quarrelling.

Hence it appears, that universal toleration, promotes harmony in mankind, which answers one of the great ends of the Christian religion, since good will towards each other, is one of its principal precepts. It is likewise favorable to the spread of truth, and the doctrines most conformable to the scriptures will finally prevail over all others. It is generally acknowledged that persecution makes men more obstinate in their opinions; hence, many sects whose doctrines have been so absurd that they would in a very short time have died of themselves, have been kept alive by persecution. Ridiculous doctrines, however successful in the first instance, if left entirely to themselves, will soon become extinct.

Opinions in religion are more dear to men in general than any others; and the rulers of nations are not free from the failings of other men. Hence they have generally endeavored to extirpate other opinions.* But if they believed their own opinions to be true, it would have been the best way to leave them to their natural course, as when an equal opportunity is allowed it, TRUTH will always prevail. But this is a doctrine which has not always been believed in; though as society becomes more enlightened, it is more and more evident.

At present, every opinion is more universally tolerated than in any preceding period; and this is perhaps a greater proof than any other of the superiority of the present age over any other in knowledge. BARCA.

* Fanaticism and the love of power, are very commonly united in the same breast, and are always joined in persecutions.

LEVITY.

FOR THE WEEKLY VISITANT.

MR. POOL,

Lately looking over a bundle of old papers, I was amused with the following good reasons for remaining a bachelor; and as I think many of your readers may be equally gratified by perusing them, you will please to give them a place in the Visitant. Z.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MORNING CHRONICLE.

"Vir Bonus est quis?"
The good man is a quiz.—MICROCOSM.

SIR,

I am an old fellow, whom my neighbors in the country call an ill-natured Honks, and many other hard names, because I sometimes inveigh against modern fashions, and modern manners, and scold the young bucks for their fopperies; and the girls for their idleness; but above all, because I am a

bachelor. And yet I am good natured in the main—last summer I gave up a piece of land to one of my neighbors rather than go to law with him ; and I even sometimes forbear scolding a begger when he asks me for money. Yet notwithstanding all this, sir, my neighbors think me a cross grained fellow, with no more of the milk of human kindness than a vinegar barrel. The damsels hold down their heads when I meet them, and young fellows will go round about half a mile, rather than come in my way—and all this because I am an old bachelor. Zounds, sir ! if I was not the best natured old fellow in the whole world, I should be out of all patience. Hath not a bachelor eyes, ears, organs and dimensions, and feelings like other men ? And is he to be set up as a scare crow, because he has thought proper not to make a fool of himself by marrying ? Let me tell you, Mr. Editor, these things ought not so to be ; especially if a man has been jilted, deceived, and bamboozled as I have been.

My object therefore in sending you this, is, that if perchance some of my neighbors see it in your paper, they may see that I became an old bachelor not from choice but necessity : and for this purpose I will lay before them a short history of my "hair breadth 'scapes" and woeful disappointments.

When I was about six and twenty—I fell in love, and that soundly too, with Miss Lydia Woodcock. As it was my first love and I had read novels, I considered myself as *in for it* for life, and made up my mind to win her or die ; and so I might if she had not got the start of me, and died first. This was my first disappointment in love, and I solaced myself by thinking it might be all for the best.—I also wrote an epitaph of two hundred lines, in each of which I celebrated a virtue of the first magnitude.

My second mistress was a young lady from town, whose name I have forgotten. She murdered French divinely, rattled the keys of a Forte Piano like thunder, had worked Marmontel's Shepherdess of the Alps and Sterne's Maria in satin, and they looked quite as natural as the figures of a China jar, or an old fashioned suit of curtains. In short, sir, she was possessed of the sum total of fine lady accomplishments. Think what a phenomenon for our village ! I mounted my poetical cart horse, and run down a sonnet in her praise in ten minutes. This furnished me with an introduction, which I took every opportunity to improve—things went on swimmingly, and might have come to a conclusion, had not my adorable sent me one evening a note in which twelve words were barbarously mis-spelt. This incident shook the castle of my affections pretty rudely ; and it soon tumbled down "five hundred fathom deep" with a mighty crash, when one night by accident, I discovered that she had adopted a fashion (which I find recently revived) and wore no petticoats ! Now you must know I was always attached to the honest old Dutch mode of ten petticoats, with the addition of a large pocket on each side. I threw my sonnet into the fire, "whistled lulli bullero," sat down and read Juvenal's sixth satire, and in three hours after was as well as could be expected.

This affair sickened me of town ladies, and their accomplishments. I determined to seek in some sequestered shade, where art and fashionable manners alike were strangers, a woman whose heart was unadulterated by fashion, and open to the original impressions of nature ; and for a woman who wore pockets and petticoats.

This treasure I fancied I at last had found, and hope began to smile on my expanded brow. Simplicity of character, quoth I, when joined to good sense, constitutes the greatest charm of a woman. This I have found ; now let me be happy. At the end of this fine soliloquy, I pulled up my leather-breeches, cast my enraptured eyes towards the dwelling of this rare jewel, and saw her romping with a sturdy ploughman, who ever and anon dwelt on her rosy lips —Now the deuce take such simplicity, quoth I, and mounting my horse, returned home ; not, however, without halting sometimes, for the purpose of consigning simplicity to "the regions of Tartarus and black night."

At this ominous period I was within a hair's breadth of commencing my bachelorship, but "consideration like an angel came" and whispered me,

"The mouse that has but one poor hole
Can never be a mouse of any soul."

So I determined to try my fortune again. But, reasoned I, as I am a very young fellow yet—I was but five and thirty—there is no occasion to be in such a hurry ; I will examine, and compare, and then paradventure, I may discover a woman not absolutely simple, yet who wears petticoats. In this idea I left town and commenced a most absolute beau. I purchased pleasure wherever it was to be sold, and in the space of five years, was three times on the eve of declaring myself to as many different ladies—but as my evil stars would have it, just as I had arrived at the awful crisis of popping the question, some less scrupulous or more ardent lover would stept in and bear away the lady, before my eyes.

By this time I had insensibly slidden down into the valley of the shadow of departed youth ; my grey hairs, and the opening furrows of my cheeks warned me it was time to think of other pursuits than that of a wife. I took the hint like a wise man, quitted forever the gay world, and commenced country gentleman. In this retreat I might live happily were it not for the cursed name of old bachelor, which rings its alarum in my ears whenever I come within hearing of the youthful and gay. This never fails of tripping up the heels of my philosophy, and when the young ones observe this, they giggle with redoubled violence.

If I offer to say civil things to a woman, who is not as old and ugly as the witch of Endor, the young fellows absolutely shout with laughter, and I am obliged to retreat with precipitation.

And now sir, if you can find room, for my sad case in your paper, my neighbors, who all read it, will learn to respect my disappointments, and I shall escape the ordeal of laughter for being an old bachelor, which I cannot deny. I am, &c. WALTER WITHERS.

LITERARY AMUSEMENT.

LOVE AND HUMILITY.

A ROMAN ROMANCE.

[*Continued.*]

After the heralds and trumpeters, succeeded young men in flaxen robes, with their arms and bosoms bare, leading more than a hundred stalled oxen, whose horns were gilded, and whose backs were adorned with bandelets, interlaced with festoons of flowers. These victims lashed their long tails joyously ; sensible of the pomp, and perhaps thinking it would lead them to their pastures. Then followed beautiful boys, whose chins had yet no down, and their tresses floating luxuriantly on their shoulders, each bearing a vessel of the lustral water. Now marched soldiers, carrying the coined gold, and the antique and massy vases from the royal treasures. At some interval the car of Perseus, the conquered monarch, was trained. That regal throne was now a solitude, and nothing was viewed in it but, on his seat, his armour and his diadem. Behind walked the family of Perseus, of whom the most remarkable was Aciloe, his eldest son. The matrons and virgins of Rome wept as they gazed on his beauty, and the tender melancholy that shaded his touching physiognomy. Muffled in a black mantle, Perseus appeared; his head was bare, his hands and his feet clanked with chains of iron. He leant his head on his breast ; but those who were near him saw with contempt, and some with pity, his dark eyes suffused with a red flame, and hatred, ignominy and despair, torturing his horid physiognomy. Perseus, the coward and the tyrant, who refused the death he was offered.—Thou art

not (said an old Roman as he passed) thou art not worthy to be permitted to die * !

At length a gayer spectacle charmed. Four hundred crowns of gold, presented to Æmilius from as many cities, or as tributes, or as gifts, now glittered in the air ! and now a hollow murmur went along the crowd, the triumphal car appeared, and the people shouted. It was ornamented with a magnificenece that seemed the emblem of the genius of its hero : clothed in purple, wrought with golden flowers, the venerable form of Æmilius sat, and, extending his right hand, held a laurel branch. There was a sadness in his countenance too penetrating for even the magnanity of that hero to conceal. That week, the week of his triumph, Pestilence spread her midnight wing over his house ; and some had died, and some were dying ; and his dometic roof was a tomb. So Fortune wars with man ! Tears were sometimes seen on his cheek. The whole army followed, with branches of laurel in their hand, some chaunting the eulogy of their general, and some pointing at him ther sharpest railleries. And thus the triumph of Æmilius closed !

When the procession ended Servius Galba remained surrounded by a few malicious spirits, who, till the army passed, had hoped the mutinity would again have broken out in the course of the Triumph. For some time they gazed on each other in silence and dejection. Galba then addressed them ! —What ! is the freedom of speech denied a Roman citizen ? My friends, this is a scene for us to ridicule ; it merits not our anger. And this then is the glory of our tremendous hero ? And the great Æmilius is ambitious of becoming the chief actor in a state pantomime ? By Hercules ! for a handful of sesterces I'll hire you a hero dressed in a lamb-skin and a sooty face ; his *mimi* shall beat our general's. O, Jove ! thy tunic was profaned this day ! It is this my friends, which rouses indignation, that the Roman people should bend their supple knee to whomever the senate decrees honours ; imbecil and superstitious, like Egyptians, we worship calves, when they tell us they are sanctified. I hate the senate, by all the gods, I swear ! This senate, corruptors and corrupted ; minions of the patricians ! Oh ! that we had no senate, or, that every citizen were a senator ! That day should be marked with white ; *that* were a day to thank Jupiter ! And, to be sure, the gods are much concerned with the victories of us Romans, who carry our oppression wherever we can lead an army ; and who would even take possession of the seats of the gods themselves, had they but given us the wings of our eagles !

In this manner Galba and his adherents exhaled their bile, and, retiring from the happy metropolis, that night at supper their falernian wine tasted like gall in their mouth ; the bitter thought of envy was in their hearts ; that bitter thought which communicates even to the face of man a yellow hue. But, in the city of Rome, they danced in circles, and carrolled in chorus ; that night no eye was closed in Rome ; the streets, blazing with torches, gave a midnight sun ; while, in the shadowy groves, silvered by a sweet moonlight, murmured many an amorous kiss.

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* Composing a romance, I was not willing to copy the page of the historian ; but Livy, the most picturesque of romancers, describes Perseus more strikingly ; his words are to this purpose : "He resembled one struck by thunder ; one in whom the greatness of his griefs had taken away the very feeling."

Historians have not informed us of the fate of Aciloe, the son of Perseus, the last king of Macedon. The narrative of love, by an aged female slave, at the distance of fifty years after the triumph of Paulus Æmilius, (in which Perseus appeared, preferring life in chains to an honourable death) while it traces the progress of a passion, at once most tender and most humble, preserves some part of his secret history. It was thus the female slave addressed her companions :—

Ye Virgins, instruct yourselves in love as ye listen to my tale. Not mine the pomp of wealth, or the vainer pomp of birth ; war had even deprived me of my native valley. Born in Macedon, I scarcely remember the warmth of my natal sun. From youth to age I have lived a slave at Rome ; nor have I lived a more indulgent life, for in the arms of a lover, slavery can please.

Ye have heard of Aciloe, the Prince of Macedon. He became the slave of Antonius, and for three Olympiads he was my companion. Greece, that had given him birth, had also given him her arts and her beauty ; those arts which subdued the souls of her conquerors, and that beauty which, perpetuated by her statues, will tell remotest ages what men peopled that Elysian climate*. Yes, Aciloe was accomplished ! Apollo had melodised his tongue with persuasion. Venus had touched his complexion, that looked like roses bathed in milk ; and Minerva had given to his tender countenance those humid and tremulous eyes, whose blue seriousness, to look on, sweetens the heart.

I viewed the fair-faced youth bending in tasks of strength with an elegence that far other tasks required. They doubled his labours, cruel Romans ! tyrannical freemen ! they would annihilate princes ! as if *princes* were not *men !* I have seen the amiable youth blush at his feebleness ; I never heard him murmur in servitude beneath a foreign heaven ; his frame, but not his mind, lost its energy : the liberal soul no chain can rivet, no toil can dismay.

But, laborious days and sorrowing nights clouded his spirit, and crushed his too exquisite frame. He sat alone, and heavy and long-drawn were his sighs ; his cheeks had lost their downy bloom, and they looked as if their winter had succeeded their spring ; the wavering light of his eyes was decaying as the faint flame trembles in the lamp ; his flaxen ringlets, glistening like threads of gold, and throwing a soft shadow over his delicate forehead now neglected, no more danced in wavy curls, but were tangled in despair : his soul sickened with melancholy. I gazed, I trembled, as I traced a pale consumption, like the secret miner, sapping silently and unseen.

[*To be continued.*]

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* The beauty of the men in Greece, and their gymnastic contests, were the causes of the exellence of their artists. The personal beauty, the naked elegance of Nature, and the amenity of their soil and their climate, developed and nourished their imaginations, and gave birth to every fine art. Plato describes, with enthusiasm, certain youths who were sent as ambassadors to the Persian court, and exults that no nation could produce such celestial forms. Diogenes Laertius, in vain and powerless language, would paint the enchanting figure of the celebrated Xenophen. This personal beauty formed a distinction between the elevated and the lower ranks. The latter lost their fine forms in labour and misery.—De Pauw, vol 1, p. 107.

SELECTED POETRY.

POOR TOM—A TALE.

(From "Tales of the Hoy.")

BY PETER PINDAR.

Now the rage of battle ended,
And the French for mercy call:
Death no more in smoke and thunder
Rode upon the veangeful ball.

Yet what brave and loyal heroes
Saw the sun of morning bright—
Ah! condemn'd by cruel fortune,
Ne'er to see the star of night.

From the maindeck to the quarter,
Strew'd with limbs, and wet with blood,
Poor Tom Halliard, pale and wounded,
Crawl'd where his brave catpain stood.

"O, my noble Captain! tell me,
Ere I'm borne a corpse away,
Have I done a seaman's duty
On this great and glorious day?

"Tell a dying sailor truly,
For my life is fleeting fast,
Have I done a seaman's duty?
Can there aught my mem'ry blast?"

"Ah! brave Tom!" the captain answer'd,
"Thou a Sailor's part hast done!
I revere thy wounds with sorrow—
Wounds by which our glory's won."

"Thanks my Captain! life is ebbing
Fast from this deep-wounded heart;
But, O grant one little favor,
Ere I from the world depart.

"Bid some kind and trusty sailor,
When I'm number'd with the dead,
For my dear and constant Cath'rine,
Cut a lock from this poor head.

"Bid him to my Cath'rine give it,
Saying, hers alone I die!
Kate will keep the mournal present,
And embalm it with a sigh.

"Bid him too, this letter bear her,
Which I've pen'd with panting breath;
Kate may ponder on the writing,
When the hand is cold in death."

"That I will," replied the Captain,
"And be ever Cath'rine's friend."—
"O! my good and kind commander,
Now my pains and sorrows end!"

Mute towards his captain weeping,
Tom uprais'd a thankful eye—
Grateful then, his foot embracing,
Sunk with Kate on his last sigh!

Who, that saw a scene so mournful,
Could without a tear depart?
He must own a savage nature—
Pity never warm'd his heart.

Now in his white hammock shrouded,
By the kind and pensive crew,
As he dropt into the ocean
All burst out—"Poor Tom, adieu!"

The following is given in a southern paper, as a translation and amplification of a War Song, by the Osages, sung at the city of Washington, Jan. 7, 1806.

Say warriors, why, when war is sung,
And dwells on every native tongue,
Do thoughts of death intrude?
Why weep the common lot of all?
Why think that you yourselves may fall,
Pursuing or pursu'd.

Doubt not of TEWASALAGE'S care,
To lead you forth & shew you where,
The enemy's conceal'd;
His single arm shall make the attack,
And drive the sly invaders back,
Or stretch them on the field.

Proceeding with embodied force,
No nation can withstand our course
Or check our bold career:
Tho' if they knew *my warlike* fame,
The terrors of *my form or name*—
They'd quake—or die with fear.

Some Sappho *of our country has lately addressed a short essay to the editor of a village journal, and she thus artfully and persuasively commences her poem.*—PORT FOLIO.

Permit a giddy, trifling girl,
For once to fill your poet's corner;
She cares not how the critics snarl,
Or beaus and macaronies scorn her.

She longs in print her lines to see,
Oblige her, (sure you can't refuse it)
And if you find her out, your *fee*
Shall be...*to kiss her*...if you choose it.

MORAL.

The beauty, splendor and divine majesty of THE ALMIGHTY, are so infinitely great and conspicuous, shine with such admirable but unspeakable lustre throughout his works, and fill the finite mind of man with such awful reverence of his goodness and his power, that all rational beings, whose minds are untainted, and whose hearts are pure, croud around his throne with pious gratitude and humble adoration. This ardent love of God, which is the unavoidable result of reason and reflection, is the origin of RELIGION; and when properly exercised, with sincerity of devotion, and in holines of life, leads its votaries, amidst all the cares and vexations of a fascinating world, through the paths of VIRTUE, to the highest bowers of terrestial bliss.

——BUT MAN, proud man,
Dress'd in a little brief authority,
Most ignorant of what he's most assured,
His glossy essence,

instead of following the dictates of sound and unpolluted reason, mistaking his true road to happiness, and suffering himself, like the centaur of *Plato*, to be hurried away headlong by a torrent of wild desires and corrupt affections,

——Like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven
As make the angels weep:

until falling into the vices of ATHEISM, or the errors of IDOLATRY and SUPERSTITION, and their attendant mischiefs, he sinks, by degrees, under the increasing weight of a perturbed mind, and guilty conscience, into all the horrors of melancholy and despair.

Perpetual anguish fills his impious breast,
Not stopped by business, nor composed by rest:
No music cheers him, and no feasts can please;
He sits like discontented DOMOCLES,
When by the sportive tyrant wisely shown
The dangerous pleasures of a flattered throne.
Sleep quits his eyes: or, when with cares oppress'd,
His wearied mind sinks tir'd into rest,
Dire dreams invade? his injured GOD appears,
Armed with forked thunder, and awakes those fears,
Which shake his soul, and as they boldly press,
Bring out his crimes, and force him to confess.
The worm of conscience frets his recreant blood:
In every fit he feels the hand of God
An heaven-born flame; but drowned in deep despair,
He dares not offer one repenting pray'r.
Nor vow one victim to preserve his breath;
For how can HOPE with desperate guilt agree,
Or PEACE reside with dark impiety?

MARRIED,

In Dover, N. H. Mr. Philip Chace, of Salem, merchant, to Miss Alice Brown, of Dover.

DEATHS.

In this town, Mrs. Hammond, wife of Mr. John Hammond, aged 51. Mr. James Phillips, aged 30; by wounds received from the unexpected discharge of a cannon, while in the act of loading it.

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